

but this is love, i'll never give you up by
HecticHemmings

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cuddling, F/M, Fluff, Kissing, Mileven, eleven - Freeform, just kids in love really, mike wheeler - Freeform

Language: English

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-11-26

Updated: 2016-11-26

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:15:26

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 829

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“What is,” She paused, thinking about the word for a moment. “What is love?”

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Author's Note:

Just a little thing about kids in love really.

Comments and Kudos are most appreciated! x

It was a Saturday afternoon, and Mike and Eleven were sat in Mike's basement. They were previously bundled up in El's fort, but eventually made their way out and onto the couch once they got too hot.

Mike sat in the corner of the couch against the arm with Eleven resting against his side with her head resting against his shoulder. This position seemed to be her favourite. Mike liked it too, however he always found himself thinking of the night she disappeared. They were sat like this on the bleachers, Eleven tiredly resting against him like she was right now.

Little did they know they'd be apart for almost a year merely an hour later.

The memories still gave him nightmares, seeing El disappear into shreds with the Demogorgon like she did. Nevertheless, she was home now. That's all that mattered.

"Mike?" El suddenly spoke.

"Yeah?" Mike answered, glancing down to look at the girl resting against him.

"What is," She paused, thinking about the word for a moment. "What is love?"

Mike blushed, unsure on how to explain that word to her. She's asked before, other words, but this one seemed to be harder. He wasn't sure just how he was supposed to explain such a concept.

"Where did you hear that one?" Mike asked, trying to buy himself some time to come up with an explanation.

Eleven shifted her head so she could look up at him, curiosity burning behind her eyes, "Nancy. She and Steve were talking and she told Steve that she loved him. What does that mean? Is it bad?"

"No," Mike laughed gently. "No, it's not bad. It's quite the opposite. Love means... Love is when you like someone so much that it turns into love, I guess. When you love someone it means that you want to spend forever with them, and do all the things that Nancy and Steve do; like hold hands and kiss and all that stuff."

Eleven nodded, satisfied with Mike's answer. Things grew silent for a moment before quietly, El whispered, "I liked that one time we kissed."

Mike smiled to himself, still fond of the memory. He glanced down at El, and although her head was bowed down he could see the pink tint on her cheeks.

"I did too," He admitted.

El smiled, glancing up to meet his gaze. Even after all this time, looking her straight in the eyes made Mike's tummy feel funny. It was as if someone had released butterflies in there, and he had no net to catch them with.

Then, he realised what that feeling actually was. It was a scary thought, one that made his heart thump hard in his chest, but he felt as though he needed to tell her.

So he did.

"Hey, El?"

"Yes?"

He hesitated. He knew they were only young, that most would say they wouldn't know what love was but Mike knew what he felt. He'd never felt that way toward anyone, then El came along and he's never been more sure of anything.

He looked at her, and she was still looking at him with these big eyes that made the butterflies come back. He needed to do it now.

“I... I think I love you.”

She was grinning at him once the word love slipped passed his lips and although she didn't quite understand the concept of how your supposed to say it back just yet, the look on her face was enough for Mike to know she understood how big of a deal it was.

They were both blushing now, slight giggles passing Eleven's lips as she buried her face in Mike's neck.

It would seem that her giggles were rather contagious, as Mike soon found out. As Eleven continued to laugh, Mike was soon joining her. He didn't even know what they were laughing at, but it felt nice to have her cuddled into him, shaking with joy.

Moments later, they managed to calm down. Eleven pulled away from him slightly.

“I like your laugh.” She decided.

Mike smiled at her, and in the heat of the moment he finally did what he'd been dying to do since she got back.

Slowly, as not to startle her, he began to lean in. He got closer and closer to her until there was no room left, no other choice but to let their lips press gently against each other's.

It wasn't a long kiss, but Mike still enjoyed it more than words could describe. Eleven looked the way she did the first time he kissed her, and Mike finally decided that he could look at that tiny smile on her face for the rest eternity.

“Can we do that more often?” She asked. “And hold hands, too? I like holding your hand.”

“Yeah,” Mike answered, and although it felt as though his heart is going to burst right out of his chest he grins at her, “Yeah, we can.”